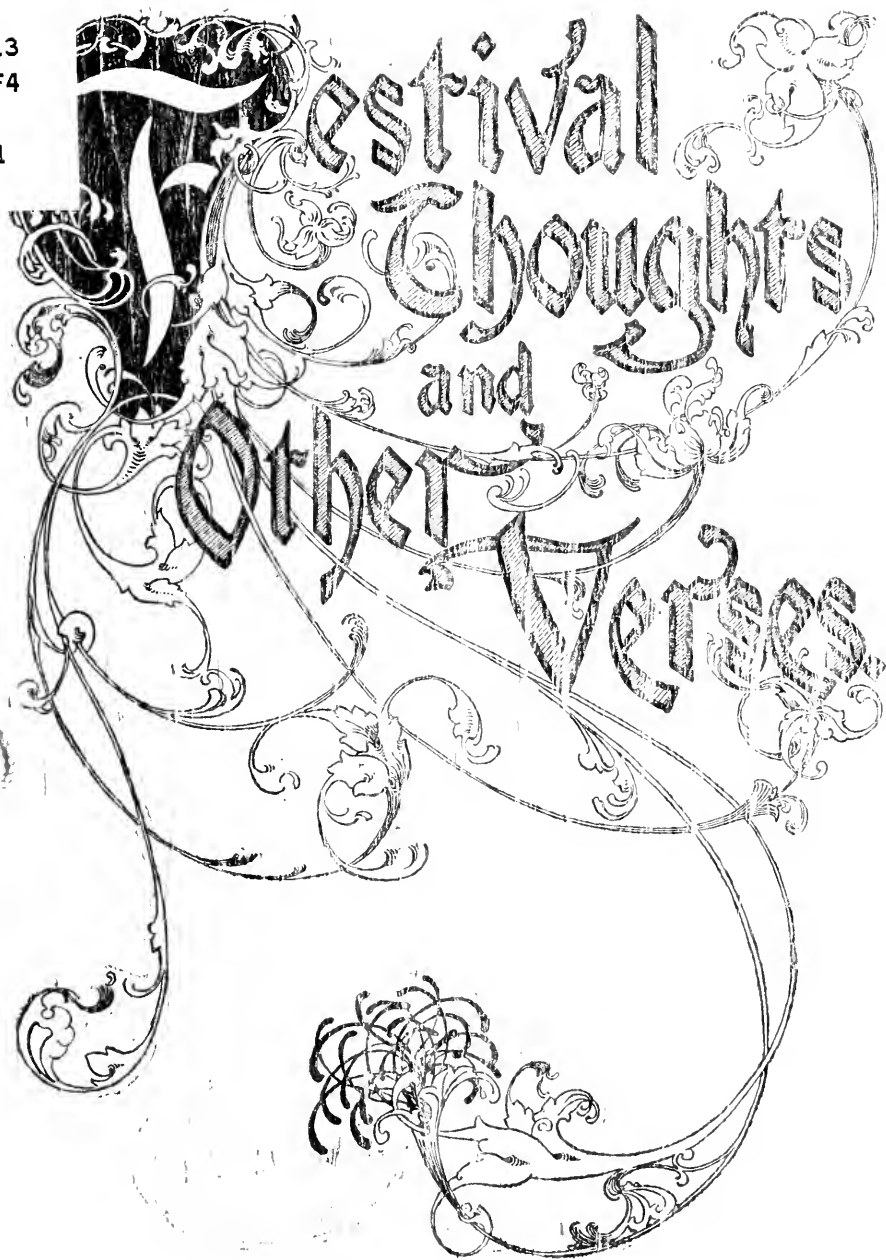


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DECEMBER, 1897.



Festival Thoughts

And Other Verses.



BY PASTOR W. H. GREEVER,
BLUEFIELD, W. VA.



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Preface.



The publication of these verses is an afterthought. Their production has been prompted by various circumstances. Some were written for the immediate, personal use of the author in festival celebrations, in parochial paper, etc., and some merely as the expression of his own feelings and convictions. A few were written after the publication of this little booklet was undertaken, and for this purpose. In all they represent the diversified efforts of the author in versified thought for three years. Without any claim for special merit, either in form or matter, they are now allowed to go forth, published by, and for, the Ladies' Aid Society of the Immanuel Evangelical Lutheran Congregation at Bluefield, W. Va. The author, while gratefully acknowledging the compliment, gratuitously places upon the above mentioned society the responsibility for this publication, and humbly requests the public to judge this work of the good women with charity.

W. H. G.

*Bluefield, W. Va.
December, 1897.*



Introduction.



Who'er the writer, let him think,
E'er he presumes to use his ink,
Best let it dry upon his pen,
Than write false words for other men,
If he but words alone can write,
Which ne'er deserve to see the light,
Or words alone, which, brought today,
Would only lead the world astray,
'Twere better far no word he wrote,
Or gave the world a chance to quote
A single line that e'er might lead
A fellow man to evil deed.

* * * * *

For words are seeds, which, when we sow,
Are sure to live and sure to grow,
And sure to bear for good or ill—
No matter what the writer's will—
Eternal fruit, which still shall grow,
And still in turn its seeds shall sow,
When he who let the first seed fall
Has ceased to sow, by death's dread call,
And like his pen, devoured by rust,
Has turned again to mother dust.

Who then can dare to sow this seed,
Till he has paid most earnest heed,
To that good fruit which it may bear,
Or those poor souls he may ensnare?

* * * * *

And words are motors wherein lies
The greatest pow'r beneath the skies—
The pow'r of thought which moves men's souls,
And drives them on to highest goals,
Or hurls them down, as with a breath,
To deepest shame and awful death—
The pow'r which lifts to all that's high,
And gives a life which ne'er can die,
Or drags men down to all that's low—
To horrid pits of endless woe -
The pow'r which leads to God above
Through Christ, his wondrous gift of love—
Or that dread pow'r which hides God's face

And makes the heart despise his grace.
Who then this pow'r will dare abuse
And yet to ponder dare refuse?

* * * * *

And words are lights which ever shine
With evil glare, or glow divine;
And ever aid God's way to find,
Or else but serve men's eyes to blind.
False lights are they, which but mislead,
To darkest road and blackest deed,
Or lights of truth which mark the way
From error's night to truth's bright day—
False lights which lure to death's domain,
To languish there in endless pain,
Or lights of truth for which men long,
By which the right to know from wrong.
Who dares write words which thus may give
A blinding light to those who live,
And thus by light, a darkness throw
Which forms the night of awful woe?

* * * * *

So, Lord, I pray, these words of mine
May nothing teach but that is thine;
Lord, let thy love upon them rest,
That all who read them may be blest.



Advent.

“Who is This?”



I.

“WHO IS THIS?”

Angelic hosts fill all the skies,
The sinful world in slumber lies;
The choirs of Heav’n do now appear,
But earth’s asleep and will not hear;
A few poor shepherds on the plains,
Awake to hear the joyous strains;
But three wise men of all earth’s wise,
Are on their way with sacrifice,
At Bethlehem, so quaint and old,
As prophets had so long foretold,
Is born tonight, as Mary’s Son,
In human form, the Holy One.
His first advent to sin-cursed earth,
He makes tonight, through human birth.
Come hither, shepherds, from your plains!
Sing here, ye choirs, your gladdest strains!
Here, wise men, here your tributes give!
And rouse, ye world, to look and live!
Well may ye ask who this may be!
’Tis but a lovely babe ye see,
And yet the Lord of lords is he.

II.

“WHO IS THIS?”

No angel hosts do now appear,

No heav'nly strains come now to cheer,
But earth at last seems all awake,
Its rightful Lord, its King to make.
From Bethlehem his humble way
Hath led him on from day to day,
In lowliness and meekness great
For man, with man, to live and wait.
Now shouts of triumph greet his ear,
And hallelujahs loud and clear.
The pressing throngs proclaim him King,
And earth and skies with praises ring.
He heeds them not, for he doth know
These shouts of joy but herald woe.
In solemn grandeur doth he rise
Above these vain and empty cries,
And mid it all doth weep to see
Their desolation yet to be.
Well may ye ask who this may be!
A meek uncrowned man ye see,
And yet the King of kings is he.

III.

“WHO IS THIS?”

The Angel stands on land and sea,
And swears that time no more shall be;
The hosts of Heav'n again appear
With shouts of triumph loud and clear;
Mid clouds of glory comes again,
He, who so long did dwell with men.
At his one word from out the skies,
Earth's sleeping millions all arise.
With thunder heav'ns do pass away,

And on this great and awful day,
The earth itself, as He deems meet,
Is now consumed with fervent heat.
Earth's dead and living, great and small,
Now hear and heed their Judge's call.
From east and west, from sea and land,
They come before their Judge to stand,
And there before that great white throne,
Though mid the hosts, each stands alone.
None ask today who this may be!
With joy, or shame, each now doth see,
That King and Lord of all is he.



Christmas.

Our Lord, Christ Jesus, Came.



[“This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.”

—1 Tim. 1:15]

[Prepared as a Christmas recitation for eight little girls]

He came! Our Lord, Christ Jesus, came!

All blessed be his holy name!

From Heaven's courts which ever ring
With songs of praise which angels sing;
Where myriad hosts with perfect will,
In love do all his words fulfil;
Where glory, honor, joy and praise
Are his, and his for endless days,
And he, as God, all pow'r doth wield,
While to his will *all* else doth yield—
From Heav'n where all is perfect bliss,
To such a world of woe as this

He came, our Lord, Christ Jesus, came.

He came! Our Lord, Christ Jesus, came!

All blessed be his holy name!

From brightest realms so pure within
To this lost world so black with sin;
Where sorrow, sickness, pain and death
Hold sway from birth to parting breath;
Where none do good, not even one,
But all, in darkness, hate the sun;
Where rebel hearts his love would spurn,

And bitter hate give in return—
Yet, though all this he so well knew,
Poor, humble, meek, for me and you
He came, our Lord, Christ Jesus, came.

He came! Our Lord, Christ Jesus, came!
All blessed be his holy name!
As God, by whom all worlds exist,
Whose word no pow'r could e'er resist,
With glory, majesty and might,
Measured alone as infinite,
To be true man, for man to die,
He left his glory home on high—
Became a babe of humblest birth,
A homeless friend to all the earth!
And though it meant such poverty,
And at the end the cursed tree,
He came, our Lord, Christ Jesus, came.

He came! Our Lord, Christ Jesus, came!
All blessed be his holy name!
'Twas not new pow'r or wealth to win,
But just to save lost souls from sin—
Lost souls that e'er would strive in vain
To free themselves from endless pain,
And for their sins were sure to go
To darkest realms of deepest woe,
Had he not come that Calvary
Might pay their debt and make them free.
This wondrous price he freely gave,
When sinner souls from death to save,
He came, our Lord, Christ Jesus came.

He came! Our Lord, Christ Jesus, came!
All blessed be his holy name!

'Twas love alone most pure and great,
Which, counting not man's scorn and hate,
Would lay aside such glory high,
In human flesh to live and die—
Of richest crowns its head would bare,
A crown of thorns instead to wear.
But love *divine* could move him so
To drink this bitter cup of woe.
And though but few would him believe,
And life, with love, from him receive,
He came, our Lord, Christ Jesus, came.

He came! Our Lord, Christ Jesus, came!
All blessed be his holy name!

Whate'er be false, this word is true,
He came to save both me and you.
Though earth and sky should pass away,
The sun refuse to light the day,
And man himself should cease to be,
This word, through all eternity,
As word of God would faithful prove—
God's living truth, which naught can move.
How worthy then acceptance here,
For 'twas in love and not for fear,
He came, our Lord, Christ Jesus came!

He came! Our Lord, Christ Jesus, came!
All blessed be his holy name!

And yet, while we do thus rejoice
To hear our Savior's loving voice,

There millions be who dwell in sin
And ne'er have let this Savior in;
And millions too, who ne'er have heard
The sound of this most precious word,
But dwell in darkest heathen night,
Without one ray of Gospel light—
For these, in deep humility,
Loving as much as you and me,
He came, our Lord, Christ Jesus, came!

He came! Our Lord, Christ Jesus, came!
All blessed be his holy name!
And to us here, though we be weak
And oft our tongues refuse to speak,
These tidings glad, in trust, he gave—
That he had come lost souls to save.
Such trust as this has ne'er been giv'n
E'en to the angels up in heav'n.
Immortal souls bought at such price
As his own life in sacrifice,
Are trusts to men who him have heard
And have the pow'r to speak this word—
He came, our Lord, Christ Jesus, came!

(In concert.)

He came! Our Lord, Christ Jesus, came!
All blessed be his holy name!
To him our hearts and all we give,
For him henceforth in all to live!
While here on earth his praise to sing
And Gospel light to all to bring,
In all our ways his grace to show,


And daily in that grace to grow,
Till we once more in joy shall hear
The angels shout in accents clear,
Not that he comes for us to die,
But to receive his own on high,
He comes, our Lord, Christ Jesus, comes!

✕



11

New Year.



Brevity of Life.



How short this life! And all its days,
How soon they fly away!
How near the end, when life begins!
How brief our earthly stay!

The steps we take, which soon are done,
But mark it in its flight,
As in the day the moments mark
The coming of the night.

'Tis but a touching on the shores
Before we cross the sea.
'Tis but the robing of new souls
To meet eternity.

As flowers lift their dewy heads
To greet the morning sun,
All full of life and beauty sweet
In life that's just begun,

But e'er the shades of ev'ning come
Do droop, and fall and die—
Their fragrance gone, their beauty fled,
And worthless all they lie—

So our brief life begins to fade,
E'er comes its fullest bloom,
And scarce are morning's dew drops dry,
Till comes the ev'ning gloom.

The hands we clasp in life today,
 Tomorrow folds in death;
And as the wind which no man sees,
 So flies man's fleeting breath

This moment brings the sunshine bright,
 The next, the night-black cloud;
This moment brings the world's gay garb,
 The next, the tomb's dark shroud.

And life when longest, still is brief!
 In time how short its space!
And in the great eternity,
 It scarce can find a place.

And life when shortest, oh, how brief!
 One breath may mark its flight,
One gleam alone may make its day,
 And bring it back to night.

Yet longest life, when it is done,
 To shortest life compared,
Is but a little longer breath,
 Of which both lives have shared—

But little longer time to bloom,
 A little longer flight,
A little longer glimpse of day,
 A little less of night.

For when the soul has flown away,
 And life on earth is done,
The longest life and shortest life,
 In length of days are one.

So brief is life, so soon is past,
That briefest things of earth,
Fit symbols are of that brief space
Between the grave and birth.

And yet, to souls that live for aye,
'Tis all that God has giv'n,
In which to turn from sin and death,
And thus prepare for Heav'n.

This brief space here the soul doth spend,
And then it takes its flight
To dwell for aye in Heaven's day,
Or pass to endless night.

Who then will stay for one short day,
In sin's dark, dismal pow'r,
Lest death should come, and all be lost,
E'er comes that day's last hour?

Oh! sinner, list! The Savior calls,
"Look unto me and live.
Believe, receive. To all who come,
Eternal life I give."

If thou wilt hear, thou need'st not fear
To earth to bid farewell;
A wand'rer here he takes thee home,
With him for aye to dwell.

No matter then if soon or late,
His call should come to thee;
'Tis but release from sin and pain,
Forever to be free—

For aye to live in realms of light,
And there to realize
That this brief life, so full of strife—
Yet which we so much prize—

Is but a birth to that *true* life,
Which God, through Christ, has giv'n,
In which is all, complete and full,
That makes a perfect Heav'n.



Lent.....

Aside With Jesus.



Dear Lord, when thou on earth didst walk,
And face to face with men didst talk,
Thou oft, with thine own chosen few,
To desert place apart withdrew;
And there, away from crowd and din,
And off the dark highways of sin
Where none of earth's allurements dwell
And thine own presence most was felt,
Thou didst eternal truth reveal,
And so upon it set thy seal,
That those who saw and heard believed,
And thine eternal truth received.
In close communion there with thee,
Their visions cleared till they could see
The hopeless wretchedness of hearts
To which, its venom, sin imparts,
And then in thee, who vision gave,
The Son of God, who came to save.
But 'twas in love for three long years,
Through many doubts, denials, fears,
That thou in patience didst them lead,
And as the Shepherd good didst feed,
E're they thy truth didst so receive,
And all thy word didst so believe,
That thou couldst send them out in turn
As those from whom the world could learn.

And since it thus must ever be
With all who truly follow thee,
My heart doth yearn to turn aside
From worldly cares, and selfish pride,
From pleasure's vain and empty show—
Which do but add to human woe—
Alone with thee to spend awhile,
Where Satan's pow'rs cannot beguile.
Lead thou the way, but lead me far
From aught which might communion bar;
And be it desert lone and waste,
Its burning sands at least are chaste,
And in its midst thou'lt be for me
A paradise from tempters free.
I long to open wide my heart,
Though 'neath thy piercing eye it smart,
And have thee burn away the dross
Which, should I keep, is but my loss.
My inmost thoughts I long to speak,
And tell thee all for which I seek.
I know my heart is vile and vain,
With no part free from sin's black stain;
I know when thou my heart doth see
That naught of good thou'lt find in me;
Yet all my sins I would confess,
That thou my sinful heart may bless—
For thou, O Christ, and only thou,
Can'st save and purify me now.
Here search me, Lord. Naught will I hide.
To thee my heart I open wide.
Purge out the vile, the low, the mean!
Cleanse thou, and then I shall be clean!

But not for this alone I long,
 That I myself be free from wrong;
 The world in wickedness doth lie,
 For which on Calv'ry thou didst die,
 And it, dear Lord, I fain would win
 From this dark night of woe and sin.
 And so I'd come with thee apart
 That thou might'st cleanse and bless my heart
 And give me there, though desert place,
 Such measure of thy love and grace
 That I through it, might go again
 And with it save my fellow men.
 Help me to see thee as thou art;
 Help me accept thee with my heart;
 Help me in will and way and mind
 Thy will my guide supreme to find;
 Help me to love as thou dost love
 And live on earth for Heav'n above;
 Help me myself in all deny
 And humbly at thy feet to lie;
 Help me my all to thee to give
 That thou thyself in me may live.
 Yea, Lord, put thou in me that mind
 Which in thyself I ever find,
 And I henceforth will truer be,
 To fellow man and, Lord, to thee.
 May I be weaned from worldly care
 And all that might my soul ensnare,
 And may I rise to that high plane
 Which marks the real from all that's vain.
 Thus *in* the world I'll live for thee,
 But *of* the world will never be.

And so this season, Lord, I'd spend
That when at last I reach its end,
I may thy truth so well have learned,
And that received for which I've yearned,
That ever after men may see
That all these days were spent with thee.



Easter.

The Easter Story.



'Tis Easter morn, and as I gaze
On yon bright rising sun,
My thoughts run backward through the years,
As thoughts alone can run.

From year to year and age to age,
So back through time I'm borne,
Till now I stand where others stood,
That first great Easter morn.

Three days before on Calv'ry's brow
The Son of God had died—
By man refused, by man accused,
For man was crucified.

And hope with him, for trusting hearts,
Had died upon the Cross,
And all that it had counted gain
Must now be counted loss.

The rocky tomb received the King
That men had thought to reign.
His foes rejoiced, his cause seemed lost,
And all his life seemed vain.

But foes knew not that he was God—
And those who knew forgot—
To whom things not are as they were,
And things that are as not.

No rock-ribbed tomb could hold that King,
To whom all pow'r was giv'n,
Who held the world within his hand,
And ruled supreme in Heav'n.

Though ev'ry man became a guard,
And ev'ry stone a seal,
His mighty pow'r would break them all,
And thus to men reveal

That he was God of earth and Heav'n,
And mightier than men;
That he had pow'r to give his life,
And take that life again.

So on that first great Easter morn,
As he had said before,
He burst death's chains which held him bound,
And lived—to die no more.

As forth he came the earth did quake,
And men became as dead.
No more was he a death bound man,
But living God instead!

While yet the morning stars did sing,
Before yon sun had ris'n,
The Angel rolled the stone away
From that dark earthly pris'n,

And from its gloom came forth a light
Which turns that sun to shame—
The star of hope, which there did rise,
When forth its Maker came.

The star of hope, which e'er will shed
In all the world its light,
For wand'ring souls that long to leave
The darkness of the night.

Behind the Cross that star of hope
Had sunk in deepest gloom,
And it alone could rise again
From out Christ's empty tomb.

No blacker night e'er wrapt the world,
Than those dark nights of woe,
When Light of lights was in the tomb,
And bound there by his foe.

But night is past, the day is come!
Oh! happy was the hour!
When Jesus burst the bonds of death,
By his almighty pow'r,

And came forth radiant from the tomb
Eternal King to reign—
And yet for man to pray and plead
And save from sin and pain,

Till all the courts of Heaven sound,
With songs the ransomed sing,
Of praise and honor to the Lamb,—
Their Savior and their King.

At morning's dawn the women came,
With heavy hearts, but true,
T' anoint the form they loved so well,
'Twas all that they could do.

They thought their Lord but dying man,
They thought him mortal clay.
Their hearts knew not that mighty truth,
Which on that Easter day,

Would turn the world from out its course,
And fill it with a light,
To which all other lights are dark,
And day is as the night.

As they approached, behold the stone
Which closed that tomb of night,
Was rolled away, and on it sat
An angel, robed in white

They stood aghast! They started back!
Their hearts were filled with fear.
But love was strong, it would not yield,
And so they still drew near.

The angel speaks. Oh matchless words!
The end of human fear!
“For he is ris’n, as he said,
Your Master is not here.”

Yes, matchless words that hold the pow’r
Which makes the world go free.
He bled, he died, he rose again
That all might live as he.

And blessed words, these words of life,
Which ope’ the gates of Heav’n,
And form the deeds to heav’nly claims,
Which God to men has giv’n.

The crowning work of all God's pow'r
Was giving life to man.
The crowning work of all God's love,
Salvation's wondrous plan.

The crowning act in that great plan,
His vict'ry o'er the grave,
For in his pow'r to conquer death,
Was all his pow'r to save.

But death's o'ercome, its sting is gone,
No more need man it fear.
The risen Christ proclaims this truth,
Where all who will may hear.

And as I greet yon Easter sun,
I turn my eyes to see,
Of all that work which Jesus did,
What part he did for me.

For me he left his glorious home,
Amid the courts of Heav'n.
To earth he came for me, to live—
For me his life was giv'n.

For me, he burst the chains of death,
And thus he made me free.
He suffered, died, and he arose—
He did it *all* for me

So, gracious Lord, I pray thee now,
My all to take for thee.
My heart, my thoughts, my life, my all!
And let them ever be,


Thy name to praise, thy will to do,
Thy love to men to tell,
Till thou shalt say, "Come, welcome home,
For thou hast served me well."



Miscellaneous.

What is Life?



 "Just what is life?" the pilgrim asked,
As weary grew his way;
And nature caught his question great,
And thus began to say,

What true life was, as that life came,
To all its many parts—
The motive prompting action in
Its many, many hearts.

"My life's a song," the glad bird said,
And sang from tree to tree,
Till all his life he made a song —
He thought it ought to be.

"My life is labor," said the bee,
And worked from flower to flower.
It ev'ry precious minute used,
And thus, each precious hour.

"My life is joy," the dew drop said,
A-sparkling in the sun,
But in a moment vanished there,
E'er life had scarce begun.

"My life is firmness," said the rock,
And, changeless, hard and cold,
Cared not if sun should kiss his brow,
Or tempest o'er him rolled.

“My life is peace,” the calm lake said—
No wave upon its breast—
And as it drank the sweet sunbeams,
Its life was peace and rest.

“My life is kindness,” said the brook,
And then it sang this song —
“I’ll scatter blessing as I go
To all, my course along.”

“My life is purpose,” said the stream,
“If I a river be,
I’ll onward flow in one straight course
Till I shall reach the sea.”

“Nay, life is love,” a whisper said,
As if from one above,
“For God himself is Life of life,
And God himself is love.”

“Yea, life is love,” the pilgrim said,
And dropt his look of care.
“Yea,” nature answered, “life is love”—
And love was everywhere.

What is Love?



I.

True love's a seedlet, drop't by God
Into the human soul,
To live, to grow, to spread, and then
At last to fill the whole.

Who said this seedlet e'er can die?
'Tis false! It ever lives.
It grows and bears eternal fruit,
For Him who all love gives.

II.

True love's the bond from God's own hand,
To human hearts here giv'n,
To bind themselves to other hearts,
And bind *all* hearts to Heav'n.

Who said these love bonds e'er do break?
'Tis false! They last for aye.
Soul linked by love to other soul,
Not time can tear away.

III.

True love's a beam of light divine
From *the* great Sun above—
'Tis God himself who, Beam and Sun,
Fills all the world with love.

Who said these love beams e'er can fail?
'Tis false! For aye they shine.
For aye from God to hearts they come—
Eternal as divine.

Collect for Peace.



O God, from whom to man proceed
All counsels good, each holy deed,
All pure desires from which these spring,
And all the good that life can bring:

That peace give thine, who for Thee live,
Peace which the world can never give,
So that our hearts be set in truth,
To keep thy word in age or youth.

By Thee defended from the fear
Of enemies, both far and near,
May we in quietness and rest
Pass all our time thus undistressed.

Through Him who lives and reigns with Thee,
And with the Spirit, One in Three,
Yet ever One, world without end—
To Thee our prayer doth now ascend.

Matin Collect.



O Lord, our Father from above,
Almighty God, Eternal Love:
Our sinful lives by dangers fraught,
Thou safely to this day hast brought.

Through all this day, through ev'ry hour,
Defend us with thy mighty pow'r,
And grant that we no sin may find,
Nor danger meet of any kind.

But grant that we in all our ways
May follow Thee through endless days,
And ordered by Thy gov'nance right,
May sinless be in Thy pure sight.

Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son,
Our blessed Lord, who reigns as One,
With Father, Spirit evermore—
From Thee these blessings we implore.

Guidance.



"I will guide thee with mine eye."—Ps . 32:8.

A blinded wretch, bereft of light,
I'm groping, Lord, in darkest night.
With each new step I do but stray
To darker depths, from light away.
Temptations, doubts, afflictions, cares,
Do seal my eyes to Satan's snares,
While with false lights, which he doth send,
They lure me on to his sad end.
Just one step more and I may be
In hell's dark night, eternally.
Wild terror doth my poor heart chill,
And horrid woe my soul doth fill!
Oh! speak, dear Lord, and let me hear
Thee say to me, "Thy God is near."

* * * * *

Hush, heart! He speaks. Each word receive.
"I'm with thee, child, nor will I leave.
I hear thy cry of wild despair,
Which need and faith have made a prayer,
And in this hour of thy dark night,
I come to thee to be thy light.
I'll lead thy steps, instruct thy heart,
And ne'er from thee will I depart.
I'll guide thee well, while here below,
In all the ways where thou shalt go.
Where'er thou art, I still am nigh;
Yea, I will guide thee with mine eye."
Enough, dear Lord, thy word I hear,

Naught more have I for which to fear.
Here take my hand, thou God of day,
Thou art my light, thou art my way.
Through thee I now shall clearly see,
The path which thou shalt choose for me,
And oft as sinful shadows rise,
To hide that path from my poor eyes,
I'll turn to thee, who still art nigh,
And thou shalt guide me with thine eye.



Daily Meditation.



When I awake to morning's light
And cast aside the shades of night,
Before I start upon my way
To use the hours of each new day,
I pause awhile to think intent
On how those hours may best be spent.
I think of how each word I say
Some soul for good or ill will sway;
Of how each act is seed I sow,
To make men glad or bring them woe.
I think of how these fall again,
And multiply in other men;
And how they still shall fall and grow
Long after I from earth shall go.
I think of how I yet must meet
That harvest great, if chaff or wheat,
To sing with souls I led to light,
Or weep for those I drove to night;
And then I open wide my heart
And pray that God may grace impart,
That all that day in word and deed
I naught may sow but purest seed.

* * * * *

And when the ev'ning shadows fall
And night's dark mantle covers all,
Before I lay me down to rest,
I fold my arms across my breast
And pause awhile to think intent
On how the day's few hours were spent.

I first recall the words I said,
Which now are living, not one dead;
And then my deeds before me fly,
Which too do live, and cannot die;
And as they pass before my mind
So little good in them I find,
So much of wrong, and awful sin
Where naught but good should e'er have been,
That I am filled with grief and shame
To thus dishonor Jesus' name.
And as I think of how they live
And still themselves to others give,
And thus for aye do spread and grow
To harvests great of bitter woe,
I lift my heart again in prayer
And all my sin confess I there;
And then I hear my Savior say,
"Though countless be thy sins this day,
If thou thy sins do now confess,
Faithful am I thy soul to bless;
Thy sins are all forgiven thee—
Thy soul from all uncleanness free."
And so I lay me down to rest,
A sinner-soul by pardon blest,
But ne'er forget for grace to pray
To spend aright the coming day.

Acknowledging Him.



Proverbs 3:5.

In all thy ways acknowledge Him,
And He thy steps will lead;
He'll make thy pathway straight and smooth,
And aye supply thy need.

Acknowledge Him with godly fear,
In thought, and word, and deed,
So that thy heart from ev'ry wrong
May turn, His voice to heed.

Acknowledge Him with fervent love—
For Him, the Good and True;
A love which moves to seek lost souls,
As He has sought for you.

Acknowledge Him with steadfast trust,
That He, with perfect love,
By wisdom, goodness, pow'r and truth
Will lead thee home above.

In ALL thy ways acknowledge Him,
And then whate'er befall,
Thou canst dismiss perplexing care,
And praise His name in all.

"Come Thou to Me."



"Oh! burdened soul," the Savior calls,

 "Come thou to Me.

Thy many stumblings and thy falls

 I clearly see.

"I know the burden thou dost bear;

 Come thou to Me,

And lay it down in fervent prayer—

 Thy soul I'll free.

"If burdened now by sin and guilt,

 Come thou to Me.

For sin, My precious blood was spilt—

 'Twas shed for thee.

"'Twill cleanse thy soul from ev'ry stain—

 Come thou to Me.

'Twas never yet applied in vain,

 And ne'er will be

"Temptations press thee long and sore—

 Come thou to Me.

My help and succor now implore;

 Thy need's thy plea.

"I'll save thee from temptation's pow'r—

 Come thou to Me—

And give thee vict'ry ev'ry hour,

 Till thou art free.

“In sorrow, pain, or death’s dread gloom,
Come thou to Me.
I’ll be thy light e’en through the tomb,
And thou shalt see.

“Oh! troubled soul, whate’er thy need,
Come thou to Me.
Thy cause I’ll ne’er refuse to plead—
I died for thee.

“More than thy needs, is mine to give—
Come thou to Me.
In Me shalt thou abide and live,
And I in thee.”



Exhortations.



O, lost one, hear!

Salvation full, God offers thee,
From sin and death to set thee free—
Take it!

If thou dost hear,

A full surrender thou must make,
And all thy sinful ways forsake—
Make it!

O, Christian, note!

The gospel gift of life in thee
For all mankind is meant to be—
Give it!

If thou dost note,

That Gospel which thou dost profess
Will through thy life thy brothers bless—
Live it!

O, weary, list!

That burden great of crushing care
Was never meant for thee to bear—
Drop it!

If thou dost list,

The Savior says, "Come unto me,
In nothing shalt thou anxious be"—
Stop it!

O, tempted, heed!

The tempter doth thy soul assail,
But God's free grace doth never fail—
Seek it!

If thou dost heed,
Then canst thou say to Satan, "hence."
That word, by grace, is thy defense—
Speak it!

O, dying, hear!
Dread death hath, more, no bitter sting
For those who to the Cross do cling—
Raise it!

If thou dost hear,
Thy death's the door to bliss above,
To live, as saved, in God's great love—
Praise it!



Evening Breezes.



Sweet breezes blow, so soft and low,
At twilight's sacred hour,
That day storms cease to calms of peace,
Beneath their soothing pow'r.
They softly sing, and kindly bring,
As messengers of rest,
Sweet words of love, from God above,
Which calm the troubled breast.
They kindly bear the loads of care
From burdened hearts away,
While on their wings, where night peace sings,
Rage all the storms of day.
They lull to sleep the eyes that weep,
And gently dry their tears.
For day's deep grief they bring relief,
And hope they give for fears.
But not for all, who look and call,
Do these sweet breezes blow.
'Tis but for them who day-storms stem
With faith and hope a-glow.
For low'ring clouds, the ev'ning shrouds,
And storms the silence break,
For all who spurn God's will to learn,
And ways of truth forsake;
While only they who use life's day,
When twilight's hour shall come,
May hope to greet, its breezes sweet
To waft their spirits home.

A Morning Prayer.



Almighty God, who art in Heav'n,
By whom all good to men is giv'n:
To Thee I lift my heart in prayer,
And with my lips thy grace declare.
For me thou hast this wonder wrought,
That to this day I'm safely brought;
And have been kept through shades of night,
To taste the joys of this day's light.
Defend me now, by pow'r divine,
That through this day I may be thine;
And from all sin and danger free
May I this day, please only Thee.
May all I think, and say and do
Be righteous, holy, pure and true;
That I thy purpose may fulfill,
Help me to know and do thy will.
My strength must come alone from Thee,
For naught of strength is there in me;
And only grace from thy dear hand,
Can lift me up and make me stand.
All this I ask for Jesus' sake,
For He alone can righteous make;
Alone can take my sins away,
And keep my soul from day to day.
And to Thee,—Father, Spirit, Son,—
Eternal Three, Eternal One,
May glory, love, and praises be
Through time and all eternity.

The Condition of Happiness.



With each new day, if you will pray
"Thy will be done by me;"
And seek to know, where'er you go,
What His dear will may be,

And seek in all, both great and small,
To use the means He'll give,—
By which His will He would fulfil
In all who for Him live,—

Each day will bring to you that thing
Which most of joy can bear—
A conscience clear, without a fear,
And heart that's free from care.

And since you know, e'en here below,
Because He's good and true,
That all He wills, and here fulfils
Brings naught but good to you,

Your joy and peace will aye increase,
And cares will fly away.
True happiness your life will bless,
While thus you watch and pray.

What Makes a Man?



What makes a man?

Not royal blood, nor title grand,
Not huge estate of gold or land,
Nor all of worldly fame,
Not fine physique, nor brilliant mind;
No one of these, nor all combined,
Can more than make a name.
From all the world bring treasures rare,
Let fame with fortune have her share,
Bring royal crowns from all the earth,
With all that comes from royal birth;
Choose now, for face, and form, and mind,
The best there is of human kind—
And though all this he may possess,
It may be naught for him, and less,
And he be not a man.

What makes a man?

A noble heart which seeks to find
God's thought for man in God's own mind,
And then to think God's thought;
Whose purpose is God's ways to scan
Therein to find its own life plan,
Which God himself hath wrought.
A heart which hath the pow'r to see
In other hearts the Deity—
Which finding God its all in all,
Counts naught of His as mean or small,
Yet will not grovel nor bestow

The thoughts of Heav'n on things below,
Loves man in God, and God in man --
And thus works out its great life plan.
The heart, it makes the man.





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